

## Grade 6 - Poetry

### Rainy Day Blues

by Judith Lipsett

- 1     On Monday at the break of day  
2     The air is chill, the sky is gray.  
3     And through the window we can see  
4     Raindrops strike the maple tree.
- 5     On Tuesday rain is falling still —  
6     A river's flowing down the hill.  
7     Along the street in every size  
8     Umbrellas float like butterflies.
- 9     On Wednesday, rain. No big surprise.  
10    On Thursday drizzle greets our eyes.  
11    "Enough!" we say, a bit upset,  
12    "We're weary of the constant wet."
- 13    Yet still the clouds erase the sun,  
14    And mushrooms spring up, one by one.  
15    Day in, day out, it's just the same —  
16    A ruined fair, a cancelled game.
- 17    Like seaweed drifting down the street,  
18    Damp piles of leaves beneath our feet,  
19    The city is a dull bouquet —  
20    Its palette only shades of gray.
- 21    Three Mondays come, three Mondays go,  
22    And then, and then—what is that glow?  
23    Could that be sunshine breaking through?  
24    And do we see not gray, but blue?
- 25    Like bears emerging from our den,  
26    We stretch our limbs, awake again.  
27    We turn our faces towards the sky  
28    And bid those rainy blues goodbye.